

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

Kenneth Harford in Detroit Free Press.

It came to pass that there was born unto Ezra and Lucy Whitley two boys, William and John, who grew to youth's estate on the old farm in Oakland county.

John was a home boy. His happiest days were those on which he hoed and weeded. He was like unto neither his mother nor his father. He was just William. He read, long into the night, by the kerosene lamp in the sitting room, stories of adventure and of youth going forth into the world in search of fortune and of fame. He longed for a wider field. He dreamed of conquests, of piles of gold, of explorations into unknown countries, and of experiences in life such as never entered the mind of plodding John.

The days, the weeks, the months, rolled around the pool of time, and with each bright breaking sun, more and more discontented and dissatisfied did become the restless William. His days were centuries long. There was always shining before his eyes the star of ambition which he was of a mind to follow more than once. He detested the sorry life of the farm with the homely environment, the old, old routine day in, day out, and finally, after several years of uncomplaining servitude, he determined to run away.

He was eighteen then. For two years he had saved every penny, every nickel, every dime, that had fallen in his way, and he longed that the dollars were taking care of themselves in a little company of their own. There were forty-two of them in the store jar on the shelf at the head of his bed.

The sun was sinking behind the western horizon on the fateful night of William's departure. There by the little

moonlight again. He had carried out the plan that had suggested itself in his mind. The milk pail had been placed in the old tree trunk. For a moment he hesitated. He took off his cap, and stood bareheaded under the sky, the rays of the moon bathing him in a flood of silver light.

"Good-by! Good-by!"

The words were spoken to the breeze and were borne to the night birds, that made reply with shriller chirpings.

Then William returned, and went back down the country road. "Yes," the station agent at the crossing told him, "there will be a train along for the west in thirty minutes." John Whitley had dreamed of Colorado, and 'twas there he meant to go. An hour later he was rolling on his way.

And the years came and went. Not a word was ever received by the Whitleys from William. And after months they came to regard him as dead, and no longer hoped that one day his form might again darken the kitchen door.

With William all went well. He stayed in Chicago long enough to learn that there was nothing for him there. He pushed his way further west. He succeeded in his first venture, and five years had not elapsed before his name had come to be known throughout the mining country. Often he thought of that home back in Michigan, and frequently he said to himself, "I will write," then something would interfere with the carrying out of his intention, and no word would be sent back. Thus the days and weeks and years sped on until a half of a century had passed.

William Whitley had accumulated \$100,000 in the twenty years he had lived and toiled in Colorado, and one

come back. I went away twenty years ago.

A peculiar light came into the eyes of the woman, who, during the stranger's appeal to the old man by the fire-place, had stood still, at the end of the table with one hand on her hip.

"I understand now," she said.

William looked his thanks in his eyes. He was about to close his arms about George there and we've been livin' on 't' of place ever since. So you see we ain't your folks after all, though likely ex not yet may have some legal connection with us.

Then William put his hand to his brow and reeled. He staggered to the door—sobbing with his head bowed upon his breast, he walked slowly down the old country road. And that night he went back to the west.

A TEMPERANCE WINE TASTER.

Woman has Scruples About Drinking but Earns a Living from the Evil.

Chicago Tribune: To be a professional wine taster, and yet a strong advocate and follower of the strictest temperance principles, to take wine into the mouth all day long, and yet never swallow it, this is the paradox which Mrs. Frank Eunice Waite, of California, who last week stayed at the Auditorium Annex, has accomplished steadily for a period of ten years. That she sees nothing at all paradoxical in this unusual state of affairs furnishes a fresh element of interest in regard to her peculiar work.

Mrs. Waite, who is one of the four professional wine tasters in the world, was originally a newspaper woman, and slipped into the work of critically tasting the wine which she always before held in abhorrence, if not in contempt, quite by accident. Visiting near some vineyards, she was asked to write a book about wines and wine-making.

wine which had been recently moved, unless it had taken an ocean voyage, which greatly improves all wine good enough to stand the trip, and I am extremely careful not to partake of anything inimical to the wine flavor before beginning my work.

To make the tests which have won for her fame and distinction in her unusual line of work, therefore, Mrs. Waite first assures herself that all the conditions pertaining both to herself and wine are as good as may be. Then she tests—or "tastes"—the wine by means of the bouquet, the odor. This test satisfies her. Then she takes a tiny drop of the liquid in the ordinary manner. Only when she suspects a flaw of some kind, as over-fermentation, or some other undesirable weakness, does she allow an infinitesimal portion of the liquid to pass down her throat. Good wine leaves the palate and throat cool and refreshed; wine which is spoiled by lactic fermentation renders the organs hot and uncomfortable. So, as a final test, when the case is one in which the decision is exceedingly hard to render or arrive at, Mrs. Waite sometimes swallows a teaspoonful or so of the wine under judgment.

"How does this peculiar business of mine affect my temperance principles?" she repeated when this question was propounded to her. "Why, not at all. I never swallow the wine as I have said, and I am as strict a follower in temperance principles as I never take even tea or coffee, and in the rare cases in which I feel in duty bound to allow a little to pass down my throat, it is a pure matter of business, just as a doctor might sample a dangerous drug merely in order to be able to make an intelligent judgment concerning it."

"Not that I regard wine at all in the light of a dangerous drug, however," the professional wine-taster continued, smilingly. "On the contrary, in many cases and for many purposes, it is a really really beneficial medicinal use, and I regard the danger of drunkenness from wine-drinking as practically impossible. It is not from the judicious use of wine that I have become a professional wine-taster. Personally, I never take it, although I earn my bread and butter by tasting it, but my temperance principles by no means impel me to preach against its use as a medicinal factor."

HE GUYED THE REPORTER.

Innocent Young Man Was Faithful, but Helpless and Stony-Hearted.

Washington Post: "About ten years ago," said a man who used to be a newspaper reporter on the city editor of the Chicago paper that paid me wages. Frank Perley, who's now the impresario of a traveling comic opera outfit, blew into Chicago ahead of Barnum's show. He got the thing going pretty well from the jump. In the first place he told all of the city editors that he was a star panther of the show was going to have an ulcerated tooth pulled out by a local veterinary sharp on the Sunday morning following the arrival of the show in town.

Each paper sent a man down to see this performance and Perley got gobs of reading matter for his show out of it. The panther had an ulcerated tooth pulled out, and he put a highly interesting scrap when the animal doctor detached the molar, but the thing certainly did fit in mighty pat for anti-exhibition purposes.

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SOWING THE WIND.



Improper Treatment of Catarrh or Neglect of It Invites Trouble.

Mr. J. W. Orpe's Experience.

is an enemy always in our midst. It lays our foot steps. It nags us; it irritates us; then it changes its name and kills us. Four-fifths of our people have catarrh. Some have it mildly, some severely. Many struggle against it; others neglect it, but ignoring catarrh or treating it improperly is piling up trouble.

Peru-na attacks catarrh in its stronghold—the mucous membrane—and literally drives it out. Dr. Hartman, the originator of Peru-na, has been curing catarrh for many years, and he does it with Peru-na.

The universal experience with the use of Peru-na is that expelling the catarrh builds up the system and benefits the general health. Mr. J. W. Orpe, Quannah, Texas, had chronic catarrh of twenty years' standing. Peru-na cured him completely. Here is his letter:

Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, O.

DEAR SIR:—I was afflicted with a case of chronic catarrh of twenty years' standing. I had been partially deaf on the left side for twelve years. Six months ago I had to be propped up in bed at night and lie on my side for fear of choking. I did not think I could be cured. I began taking Peru-na, however, and now believe myself to be thoroughly cured. My breathing is perfectly free and easy, and I cannot too highly recommend your remedies, Peru-na and Man-a-lin. The catarrh does not, in the slightest degree, seem to affect me now.

Catarrh must be attacked rigorously and intelligently or it can never be cured. To treat catarrh properly it must be understood.

Dr. Hartman's books on catarrhal diseases are mailed free on application to the Peru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O. They remove the mystery that surrounds the subject of catarrh, and are written in a common-sense vein that all may understand. Special book for women, called "Health and Beauty," mailed to women only. All druggists sell Peru-na.

Ask your druggist for a free Peru-na Almanac for the year 1899.

to me as if I was about a mile in the air, and I shuddered to think of what would happen to me should the twelve Roman soldiers decide to strike for more wages while they had me in that elevated position on the palanquin.

"The boys in the seats drove these ideas out of my head. I stretched out, as per programme, with my huge mace beside me, and tried to look as savage as possible for you see, I was supposed to be a captive Persian prince, swiped in one of the eastern raids of the victorious Roman army."

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The International Sunday School Lesson.

January 1, 1899. John 1: 1-4—Christ the True Light.

There is not in literature a finer example of adaptation of style to subject. The noblest and profoundest thought is here clothed in language ample and royal. What the Sistine frescoes are in art this paragraph is in written speech. Yet with all this statelyness the beginning is so far as being a mere paraphrase as follows:

As the articulate word drops from the lip of speaker on ear of hearer, so the message comes from God to man. He is the vehicle of a meaning. Not, however, an unconscious and involuntary vehicle. For the word had an eternal existence with God. He was God from wave of air as an articulated word, in him a person; one possessing, too, infinite power and intelligence. For all things were made by him and apart from him not even one thing came into being. This Logos is source of life and light for men. He kept shining by various means into the world. His shining was like a lamp trying to penetrate a fog. . . . In the fullness of time, however, there came a herald—John the Baptist—in all respects worthy of his transcendent office. His mission was to announce the coming of the light who had already imparted something of himself to the world. For he was all the while imminent in the world which he had made, although unrecognized. . . . Now at length in the incarnation he came visibly in a form most prepared to apprehend him by long-continued and gracious dispensations. As far as the mass was concerned, however, it was a failure. In their obscurity of heart they received him not. . . . But to such as did "take of him," appropriating him by faith as a Saviour, he gave the right to become inheritors of the divine nature. Such as are begotten of God, not merely of a race literally, blood) supposed to be privileged above others, or human nature in general (debt) or of some particular father (man). . . . Now comes the climax. It is a logical conclusion, transposed with a doxology. The glorious person whom the evangelist had described in metaphor as a word spoken by God to man, condescends to a human birth in order that he may thus utter his Father's message. He journeys into a humble abode (thirty-three years) with humanity. We were eye-witnesses of this manifestation of the divine glory, a glory, a fullness of grace and truth becoming in all respects to God's only Son.

The Teacher's Lantern.

1.—The lessons of the first half-year are from the Gospel of St. John. This gospel differs in several respects from the others. It is more of a record of Jesus' words than works. Its account of miracles is incidental, forming in some instances a text or comment of his sermons. It was evidently written primarily for non-Jews—Jews and Samaritans are explained. The object of the gospel is declared in 1:1. It was written in Ephesus (1:1). Earliest date assigned by Alfred W. D. Latest by recent scholars is 90 A. D.

2.—In using the term Logos John caught up a popular phrase. Its meaning was evidently understood, as he

makes no explanation of it. But he employed it in an entirely new sense. With him Logos is the synonym of Messiah.

3.—The doctrine of a new birth, the implanting of a divine life in the soul of man is conspicuous in this gospel.

4.—The heresy that the human nature of Jesus was a "seeming," an assumed and deceptive appearance, is anticipated and offset in strongest language. "The Logos became flesh." This dignified and majestic incidentally gives us hope of his resurrection. It also helps us to bear the present life, for Jesus was subject to them, and he is touched with a feeling for us.

Another Fast Train.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—On January 1 the New York Central and Lake Shore, which have for years been running daily one fast mail train each way between New York and Chicago, will place in service a second train. West-bound this train, carrying nothing but the United States mail, will leave Grand Central station, New York, at 9:15 p. m., stopping at Albany, where it will receive the mail from Boston and New England, and making stops at Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland and Toledo, will arrive at Chicago at 8:30 the next evening.

East-bound the train will leave Chicago at 3 a. m., reaching New York at 5:15 the following morning.

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